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ARTICLE I.

INFLUENCE OF WAR ON DOMESTIC LIFE.

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IN exhibiting the evils of war, more attention has generally been paid to the immediate horrors of the battle field, than to the less marked and more remote evil, which have been felt from this source in domestic life. So many attractions, addressed both to the sight and the imagination, throng around the memorable spot, where large armies meet and engage in battle, that, notwithstanding the inexpressible horrors of such a scene, men seldom turn away to contemplate the insulated objects of interest, scattered here and there in the distance. How many have dwelt with excited imaginations, and with a sincere feeling of deep commiseration, on the carnage of Austerlitz and Waterloo, to whom it never occurred to turn to the distracted sister, mourning in her distant home over her fallen brother ; or to the mother weeping in solitude over her beloved son ; or to the wife, lamenting, with inexpressible grief, the untimely death of her husband ! We propose, therefore, in the remarks which are to follow in this article, to indicate some of the unpropitious bearings of War on domestic life.—And in doing this it is hardly necessary to remark, that in domestic life we are to look for a large share of what yet remains of earthly quiet

and happiness. The philanthropist and the Christian find much in the present state of things to perplex their faith, to create doubt, and to fill them with despondency ; but when they turn their eyes to the domestic circle, especially when it is blessed with the presence of the serious and benign spirit of religion, they gladly acknowledge that there is one bright and illuminated spot in the surrounding darkness. But the horrors of war, dreadful and intense as they are on the field of battle, are experienced, with less display indeed but with still greater intensity, in these distant abodes of peace and happiness. The soldier dies upon the field of battle ; and however great may be the anguish he experiences, it is generally soon over ; but the desolate hearts of his parents, and of his wife and children, are filled with sorrow and hopelessness and lamentation for years. But these things are not made matters of history ; in the emblazonment of the achievements of the battle field they are entirely passed over and forgotten ; it seems to be no part of the business either of the ephemeral gazette, or of the more serious and permanent page of history, to keep a record of tears that are shed in private, and of hearts that are bleeding and broken in retirement. But they ought never to be forgotten by the philanthropist, the Christian, the friend of the human species.—That the piercing and overwhelming evils, which are now referred to, are not imaginary, every child and parent, every one, who sustains the various domestic relations, has the testimony in himself, in the instinctive suggestions of his own bosom, whether he has actually experienced the evils in his own person or not. In the time of the American Revolution, a young gentleman by the name of Asgill, a captain in the English service, though only nineteen years of age, was selected by lot, by the Americans to whom he had fallen prisoner, to be put to death in retaliation for some atrocities committed by the enemy. When the news reached England, his mother, Lady Asgill, with her whole family, was thrown into the deepest distress and sorrow. In her inexpressible affliction she had recourse to the sovereigns of France, through the medium of the minister Count de Vergennes, although France

was at that time at war with England. If any one wishes to know, where the miseries of war are most truly and deeply felt, let him read the following extract from one of her letters to the French minister.—“My son, my only son, dear to me as he is brave, amiable as he is beloved, only nineteen years of age, a prisoner of war in consequence of the capitulation of Yorktown, is at present confined in America as an object of reprisal. Shall the innocent share the fate of the guilty? Figure to yourself, Sir, the situation of a family in these circumstances. Surrounded as I am with objects of distress, bowed down by fear and grief, words are wanting to express what I feel, and to paint such a scene of misery; my husband, given over by his physicians some hours before the arrival of the news, not in a condition to be informed of it; my daughter attacked by a fever, accompanied with delirium; speaking of her brother in tones of wildness, and without an interval of reason, unless it be to listen to some circumstances which may console her heart. Let your sensibility, Sir, paint to you my profound, my inexpressible misery, and plead in my favour; a word, a word from you, like a voice from heaven, would liberate us from desolation, from the last degree of misfortune.”*

Such are the deep pangs implanted in the heart of an accomplished lady by the occurrences of war. In consequence of her education and her distinguished situation in life, they have excited an interest in the public, and have become a portion of history. But there are multitudes of other mothers and other sisters, whose sorrows have been as deeply felt and as sincerely lamented; but whose griefs have never reached the public ear. Dark and withering as they were, they have been known only to their own bosoms or to the small circle immediately around them; too secluded for general sympathy, though not unseen by that God, who has made of one blood all the nations of the earth, and who commands us to love our neighbour as ourselves.

* Thacher's Military Journal during the American Revolutionary War. p. 308.

In recently looking over Godwin's History of the Commonwealth of England, we were struck with an incident, which seemed to us to be strikingly illustrative of the disastrous bearings of war on the hopes and happiness of domestic life. The marquis of Vaydes was a distinguished Spanish nobleman, who had resided twenty-three years in America ; having been nine years governor of Chili, and fourteen years viceroy of Peru. Having accumulated an ample fortune, he was now returning to enjoy his riches and honours in his native land ; animated undoubtedly with all those fond anticipations of happiness, which are so apt to inspire one who has been many years absent from the home of his ancestors and of his childhood. He had in the vessel with him, his wife, and seven children ; the eldest, a daughter, contracted to the son of the duke of Medina Celi, and the youngest not more than a year old. It is not easy to conceive what delightful and transporting emotions swelled the bosoms of this prosperous and happy family, as they rapidly approached the shores of their beloved Spain, where all their hopes were centered and all their blissful visions were soon to be realized. But they were sadly disappointed ; an unhappy and unnecessary war was then in progress between Spain and England ; and the vessel of the marquis was attacked and taken. During the battle, which was severe, and in which this vessel alone lost an hundred and ten men, she took fire. The wife and eldest daughter of Vaydes fell into a swoon, and, together with one of the sons, perished in the flames. The unhappy father had an opportunity to escape ; but overcome with feelings of despair at the horrid fate of his beloved wife and children, he voluntarily plunged into the flames, and died with them.*—We leave this affecting incident, (only one among a thousand others of a scarcely less marked and distressing nature, to be found in the annals of war,) to the reflections of the serious and benevolent reader. Is it possible for any one to reflect upon this dreadful catastrophe, either in its relation to the parents and children who died in

*Godwin's History of the English Commonwealth, Bk. IV. chap. 19th.

this unexpected and horrid manner, or in relation to the poor orphan children who survived, without feelings of the deepest compassion? Can the father and mother, as they behold around them their smiling offspring, dear to them as their own life, think of this dreadful scene without profound and overwhelming sensations of grief and horror?

We take the liberty to introduce another affecting incident, tending to illustrate our subject. Among the distinguished men who fell victims in the war of the American Revolution, was Colonel Isaac Hayne, of South Carolina; a man, who, by his amiability of character and high sentiments of honour and uprightness, had secured the good-will and affection of all who knew him. He had a wife and six small children, the eldest a boy thirteen years of age. His wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, fell a victim of disease; an event, hastened not improbably by the inconveniences and sufferings incident to a state of war, in which the whole family largely participated. Colonel Hayne himself was taken prisoner by the English forces, and in a short time was executed on the gallows, under circumstances calculated to excite the deepest commiseration. A great number of persons, both Englishmen and Americans, interceded for his life; the ladies of Charlestown signed a petition in his behalf; his motherless children were presented on their bended knees as humble suitors for their beloved father; but all in vain. During the imprisonment of the father, his eldest son was permitted to stay with him in the prison. Beholding his only surviving parent, for whom he felt the deepest affection, loaded with irons and condemned to die, he was overwhelmed with consternation and sorrow. The wretched father endeavoured to console him, by reminding him, that the unavailing grief of his son tended only to increase his own misery, that we came into this world merely to prepare for a better, that he was himself prepared to die, and could even rejoice, that his troubles were so near at an end. "To-morrow, said he, I set out for immortality; you will accompany me to the place of my execution; and when I am dead, take my body and bury it by the side of your mother." The youth here fell on his

father's neck, crying, "Oh, my father, my father, I will die with you! I will die with you!" Colonel Hayne, as he was loaded with irons, was unable to return the embrace of his son, and merely said to him in reply, "Live, my son, live to honour God by a good life; live to serve your country; and live to take care of your brother and little sisters." The next morning, proceeds the narrative of these distressing events, Colonel Hayne was conducted to the place of execution. His son accompanied him. Soon as they came in sight of the gallows, the father strengthened himself and said; "Now my son, show yourself a man! That tree is the boundary of my life, and of all my life's sorrows. Beyond that the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Don't lay too much at heart our separation; it will be short. 'Twas but lately your dear mother died. To-day I die. And you, my son, though but young, must shortly follow us."—"Yes, my father, replied the broken-hearted youth, I shall shortly follow you, for indeed I feel that I cannot live long." And his melancholy anticipation was fulfilled in a manner more dreadful than is implied in the mere extinction of life. On seeing his father in the hands of the executioner, and then struggling in the halter, he stood like one transfixed and motionless with horror. Till then, proceeds the narration, he had wept incessantly; but soon as he saw that sight, the fountain of his tears was staunched, and he never wept more. He died *insane*; and in his last moments often called on his father, in terms that brought tears from the hardest hearts.*

Such instances, as have now been given, show us how exceedingly those are mistaken, who imagine that the horrors of war are chiefly limited to the person of the soldier, and the boundaries of the battle-field. Happy would it be if such were the case. We might indeed consider ourselves as having great occasion to rejoice, if it could be satisfactorily shown that none but the poor soldiers with their mangled limbs and dying agonies are doomed to suffer in consequence of wars. But the

* Life of Marion, as quoted in Thacher's Military Journal, p. 208.

soldier, vicious and degraded as he too often is, has yet his friends and relatives, who have watched over him and perhaps prayed over him, with the deepest affection and solicitude ; some father, grey-headed and bowed down with years, some mother, in whose withered and decrepid form the passion of maternal love still glows with its inherent intensity ; some sister, who, amid the distressing perplexities and contumelies of life, consoles herself with the recollection, that there is one, who, although less worthy than he ought to be, she can still call a brother. But the news comes suddenly from the field of battle, that he has fallen, that his manly form has been torn and crushed by the instruments of death, and that they have a son and a brother no longer. Then indeed are they desolate ; then indeed is it true, that grey hairs are brought down with sorrow to the grave. But how much greater is their grief, when the victim of war, whose death they lament, was adorned, not only with the graces of form, but with every quality that is kind and amiable ; with every trait that is pure, virtuous, and ennobling. Many are the individuals, doomed to fall on the fields of battle, over whose accomplishments and virtues, rival nations, that could agree in nothing else, have united in shedding the tear of heart-felt sorrow. But what can be their grief, who have beheld the lustre of those accomplishments and virtues only in the dim distance, compared with the sorrow of those near friends and relatives, in whose arms they first budded into life, and on whose bosoms they have shone from infancy !—Writers have from time to time given us the statistics of armies ; it would perhaps be no difficult task for them to furnish the statistics of battle-fields, prison-ships, and military hospitals ; but who is able, except that God without whom not even a sparrow falls, to give the statistics of the sighs and tears, the groans and the broken hearts of wretched parents, of mourning brothers and sisters, of desolate widows and orphans ! We close this article by giving an extract from Grahame's *British Georgics*. Poets have often done injury by clothing the pomp and the heroic achievements of war in the enchantments of verse, and thereby encouraging a military spirit ;

happy will it be, when their lyre, so full of delight, and so potent in its influence, shall be attuned to the celebration of the arts of benevolence and peace ; and happier will it be than it now is, when, as in the present instance, they paint the sufferings and blighting influence, rather than the factitious charms and glories of international strife.

“ Once I beheld a captive, whom the wars
Had made an inmate of the prison-house,
Cheering with wicker work, (that almost seem'd
To him a sort of play,) his dreary hours.
I ask'd his story. In my native tongue,
(Long use had made it easy as his own,)
He answer'd thus. 'Before these wars began,
I dwelt upon the willowy banks of Loire.
I married one, who from my boyish days
Had been my playmate. One morn, I'll ne'er forget !
While choosing out the fairest little twigs,
To warp a cradle for our child unborn,
We heard the tidings, that the Conscript-lot
Had fallen on me. It came like a death-knell.
The mother perish'd ; but the babe surviv'd ;
And, ere my parting day, his rocking couch
I made complete, and saw him sleeping smile—
The smile that played erst on the cheek of her,
Who lay clay cold. Alas ! the hour soon came,
That forced my fetter'd arms to quit my child.
And whether now he lives to deck with flowers
The sod upon his mother's grave, or lies
Beneath it by her side, I ne'er could learn.
I think he's gone ; and now I only wish
For liberty and home, that I may see,
And stretch myself, and die upon the grave.”

ARTICLE II.

WAR AS A MEANS OF INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE.

BY FRANCIS FELLOWES, HARTFORD.

THE sentiment of dependence on a superior power is inseparable from the feeling of human limitation and weakness. Nations and commanders of armies have thus in all ages more or